Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1834
Music: Joseph Martine

1. Pleasant are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love;
   Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe,
   Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
   For the bright - ness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace!

2. Happy birds that sing and fly Round Thy Altars, O Most High;
   Happier souls that find a rest In our Heav - 'nly Fa - ther's breast!
   Like the wan - d'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
   They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.

3. Happy souls! their praises flow Even in this vale of woe;
   Waters in the desert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies:
   On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length,
   At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thru all.

4. Lord, be mine this prize to win! Guide me thru a world of sin:
   Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place;
   Sun and shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err - ing heart!
   Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee; Show - er, oh, show - er them, Lord,